

DANGER OF IGNORANCE.

Many Accidents Which a Little Knowledge Might Avert.
Popular Science Monthly.

One can not judge from the brief accounts given what are the precise causes of such disasters, but there is reason to believe that ignorance is prolific; that many persons have only a vague knowledge of the qualities of nitroglycerine, can not recognize it when they see it, and are not acquainted with the various forms in which it is compounded, or with the peculiar dangers of handling it carelessly. Nitroglycerine itself is a dense, yellowish liquid, but, in order to diminish the danger attending its use, fine earth, ground mica, sawdust, or some similar powder, is saturated with it, and thus the various blasting powders, known as dynamite, mica powder, duflin, sand-rock, etc., are formed. These compounds can be transported with comparative safety. But the nitroglycerine easily drains off from the powder and oozes from any crevice in the vessel in which the compound is kept. Drops of it thus bedewing the edges of a box may easily be mistaken for oil escaping, and if workmen ignorantly endeavor to nail the box tighter or to open it for examination there will be a disastrous explosion. Several have occurred in past years in this way. The victims knew, no doubt, that nitroglycerine (or the compounds) may be exploded by a blow (contact with fire is not needed), but they did not suspect that the innocent-looking oil was nitroglycerine. Why should not youth be taught in the schools somewhat of the practical dangers of these substances which are coming into such common use? They would pursue the study with interest, especially if there were judicious experiments. A Missouri story is that a teacher confiscated a small metal box which a pupil was playing with in school hours, and, thinking it contained chewing-gum, tried to break it open with a hammer. It was a dynamite torpedo of the kind used on the railroad track as a danger signal, and large bits of it had to be cut out of the lady's cheek. Would it not have been well if she had known somewhat of the aspect of torpedoes? Was it not more important to the journeyman plumber who threw the lighted match into the pan of camphene, mistaking it for water, by which the great printing establishment in Franklin Square was burned some twenty-eight years ago, to know camphene by sight than to have memorized many of the matters prominent in a school course? Surely workmen, especially "raw hands," in establishments where these things are used, should be systematically instructed in advance, and the courts are now enforcing this principle.

Fibred Bank Note Paper.

The fibred bank note paper on which Americans legal tenders, national bank note currency and government bonds are printed, is made at Dalton, Mass., in an old mill, whose existence dates back to colonial times. If you should stop at the old paper mill, with proper credentials, you may, perhaps be allowed to handle a sheet of the crisp fibre paper, or take a peep at the pulp press, where, as the wet, grayish pulp is pressed between heavy iron cylinders, bits of blue and red silk thread are scattered over its face and silken ribs laid on its surface. You may go beyond into the counting room, where each sheet as it comes from the drying room is carefully examined and counted and then returned to the paper cutter to be divided into smaller sheets. If you trace this paper still further you will find that from the cutter's hands it passes again to the counting-room, is separated into little packages containing 1,000 sheets each, the amount recorded in a register, and then packed into bundles and stored in fire and burglar-proof vaults to await shipment to the United States Treasury. From pulp room to vault the precious paper is watched and guarded as carefully as though each sheet were an ounce of gold. Its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets connected with the government's money making. From the vaults of the paper mill at Dalton to the guarded storerooms of the Treasury at Washington is but a journey of two or three days. In the capacious vaults of the Treasury building, among gold and silver and copper and nickel coins, bullion, paper currency and official records, you will find thousands of packages of the bank-note paper that is manufactured at Dalton. It comes in little iron safes, such as are used by the Adams Express Company, and each package and every sheet is carefully counted before the manufacturer and express company are relieved of further responsibility. The paper that arrives to-day may lie in the Treasury storerooms for years, or it may be sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printed to-morrow, to return in the course of a month's time, a legal tender or bank note.—*New York Sun.*

Bill Nye on Mr. J. James.

Laramie Boomerang.

We are once more pained to announce the death of Hon. Jesse James. We speak of him as the Honorable Jesse James because it is possible he may not be dead yet, and we do not desire any personalities raked up in case he should be still at large. The regular semi-annual death of Jesse James has been a cause for national sorrow for some time. His obituary has been written seven or eight times

by the faltering hand that pens these lines, and we are still young. Death has marked Mr. James for its own a good many times, and now he has been again butchered to make a Missouri holiday.

The soil from Maine to California has been drenched with his gore, and the green grass waves above his ashes in every portion of our great land. No man has perished from the face of the earth so ubiquitously as Mr. James, and no American citizen has yielded up his young life under such varied and peculiar circumstances.

Lay him low where the bobolink blossoms on the sweet potato vine, and plant him in the valley where the pocan waves.

Born of humble and obscure parents, he rapidly rose to the proud eminence of America's leading thief and murderer. When death marked him as its victim the last time he was as prominent a man as Henry Ward Beecher or Roscoe Conkling. His genius took a different shape; it is true, but he won a name as a plunderer which throws the proudest achievement of our modern bank cashiers back into cold and clammy oblivion. Death has once more stilled the pulse of a man who, were it not for his little eccentricities as a human butcher and grand larceny connoisseur, would have made an elegant humorist or statesman.

Had he pleaded emotional insanity, instead of making an outlaw of himself, he might now be alive, loved and respected. But he was ignorant of the law, and thought when a man murdered all the first-class passengers on a train, he would be dealt harshly with and ostracized. That is where he committed a grave error. He went from bad to worse, and soon he lost all respect for himself. Yellow fever and the James boys have been a great scourge to this country. The mortality from these combined diseases has been frightful. Now that Jesse is dead once more, we feel hopeful that the country may be populated without serious delay. Heretofore it has been an up-hill job, and such men as Dr. Hayford have felt at times as though they would sink down and die of discouragement. But now there is hope again. The yellow fever is subdued, and Jesse James again reclines on his bier.

The census should show a rapid advance in the next five years, and boom in a way that will make the other nations sick.

Cottonseed for Milk Cows.

I have fed cottonseed meal and oil meal daily and freely to my cows for years, and have never found that they gave any unpleasant taste to the milk, cream or butter. I should suppose it would be impossible in the new process of making up oil meal for the market, as this leaves a considerable less percentage of oil in it, I am told, than the old method. Cottonseed meal I find makes richer milk than oil meal. I should think that feeding two or three pints per day would make a difference in favor of the former of at least half a pound of butter per week. This is not, however, a matter of careful experiment with me as yet, but simply of observation. In addition to this difference in the quantity of butter, cows keep fatter and in better condition on cottonseed meal than on oil meal. In November, 1880, I had a cow put into my stable in quite lean condition. She was then fed three pints of cottonseed meal per day, and in four months she had gained a good condition of flesh, besides increasing her butter one pound more per week from the first of December on till turned to pasture than she had given the previous winter, when fed the same rations of oil meal. I am greatly in favor of cottonseed meal, and trust the manufacturers will not adulterate it hereafter, as many either of these or the dealers have done of oil meal, by mixing plaster of Paris or some other nearly as injurious substance with it. The *English Agricultural Gazette* states that a Mr. Carrington, who had been feeding cottonseed meal to his dairy cows, found on changing to linseed oil meal that there was a decided falling off in the quantity of milk given by them. After a few weeks' trial of this he returned to cottonseed meal, and there followed in two days a marked increase of milk. From this trial, we see that with equal quantities of cottonseed and linseed meal fed to cows, that the former produces the most milk. As Mr. Carrington sold his milk he made no experiment with it, as I did, about butter.—*A. B. Alden in New York Tribune.*

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Nitocris, the spouse of Nebuchadnezzar, is described by M. Baudrillart as the soul of his works, and to her is attributed the design of the lake named after her, which served the double purpose of a fortification and a dam against the Euphrates when in flood. The famous hanging gardens are also attributed to female influence, to the longing of a Median Princess, born in a more elevated region, for the coolness and shade of her native mountains. There were five of these gardens, about four English acres each, on terraces supported by columns and covered with mold thick enough for the largest trees to take root in. One of the columns was hollow, and contained a hydraulic machine to raise the required quantity of water. In fact, the art of gardening, with all its modern appliances, including irrigation and the transplantation of grown trees, was practiced in Babylon as effectively as in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park.

Narrow Escape from Icebergs.

While our ships were lying quietly at the foot of this immense and wonderful creation of ice, it happened that the bergs immediately to the seaward of us commenced whirling along in all directions, acted upon either by different sets of the tide caused by a quiet avalanche at some short distance away, or else by a vast bodily pressure outward from the glacier itself. However that may be our danger was imminent. The wind was blowing strongly, so we double-reefed the topsails, cast off, and made sail. The only passage of egress was between two gigantic bergs that towered loftily about our mastheads. These were fast closing together; we had to run the gamut, and not one moment too soon; in fact, ten seconds later and I believe we should all have perished, and the ship have been smashed into pieces. It was a sight to be once seen and ever remembered. Sir James Ross, standing near the men at the helm, directing by the motion of his hand, perfectly self-possessed, more handsome and noble looking in his then cool and commanding attitude than ever, every eye fixed upon him, or painfully watching the closing distance between the majestic arbiters of a fearful doom. Our breath was held as each and all seemed to await the inevitable fiat of the angel of destruction. Moments became hours as the vessel's length forged through. Crash, crash! not a word, not a movement. The lofty giants had closed on our quarters, threw one of our boats inboard on the deck, crashing her and her davits; the ship, checked, staggered for one moment; the noise of her rushing through the water reverberated up the sides of the bergs, when, just as we expected to be overborne and flung into eternity, our noble vessel, that seemed to share in the exquisite tension of the moment, slipped through clear of the splendid masses, that, losing all their terror, now commanded our admiration with full liberty of breathing action resumed. Life was before us again. The very ship was endeared to her crew from that moment? Did she not seem almost to share our joy and relief when, as it were, passing through death's icy grip, she so nobly plunged again into clear water? But a fresh scene had arisen before our eyes. Countless icebergs of enormous magnitude had gathered round in all directions, obliging us again to yield obedience to their sway, unable to thread our way to the open sea. Most fortunately the myriads of enormous comets in the water had ceased, and these colossal monuments of arctic solitude had become motionless. We looked of their summits with a mixed feeling of wonder and awe, and, gazing among the tortuous passages formed by the accidental variety of their positions, were fully impressed with the certainty that no such mighty display of marvelous panorama would ever again confront our astonished senses.—*Commander Cheyne.*

The Area of Texas.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Early in the present session of congress, Senator Maxey introduced into the senate and Mr. Wellborn in the house, bills providing for settlement of the boundary between Texas and the territories north of that state. Senator Maxey's bill authorizes the appointment of a joint commission, representing the United States on one side and the state of Texas on the other, who shall ascertain and determine "which is the true Red River from the confluence westward of the North fork of Red River and the Prairie Dog Town Fork of said Red River; that is to say, which of these streams is the true Red River."

By the act of June 5, 1858, provision was made for a joint boundary commission which began and continued its labors until sometime in 1861. The field work was at that time completed and the preparation of the report, maps, etc., of the survey was in progress at the land-office in this city, when in January, 1862, the secretary of the interior directed the immediate termination of the commission. The maps and drawings of the surveys being in an unfinished condition, the report has never been completed.

The senate committee on territories has been inquiring into the subject, and after a conference with the secretary of the interior, recommend the passage of Senator Maxey's bill. The State of Texas lays down on her maps the area between the North fork and Prairie Dog Town fork of Red river as "Greer county," and the interior department lays down the same area as territory under the control of the United States, and treats it as such. It is manifestly proper and to the interest of all concerned that this boundary should be ascertained by a commission in which both the United States and Texas are represented, and then permanently established.

The trouble grows out of the phraseology of the treaty of 1828 between the United States and Mexico, fixing the boundary line between these two republics. The committee cite so much of that treaty (January 12, 1828) as bears on that point, viz:

"The boundary line between the two countries west of the Mississippi shall begin on the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the river Sabine, in the sea, continuing north along the western bank of that river to the 32d degree of latitude; thence by a line due north to the degree of latitude where it strikes the Rio Roxo of Natchitoches, or Red River; thence following the course of the Rio Roxo westward to a degree of

longitude 100 west from London and 23 from Washington, etc."

The boundary of Texas was the same when admitted into the Union, December 27, 1845. It will be observed that the treaty makes no reference to two prongs or forks in the river, but simply requires the course of the river to be followed from the point where the line runs due north from the intersection of the 23d parallel with the west bank of the Sabine strikes the Red River westwardly, or up Red River to the 100th degree of longitude, so that when the point of confluence of the North Fork and Prairie Dog Town Fork is reached it is a question of fact, which, in the judgment of the committee, can best be determined by an actual survey, which stream should be followed westward as the true Red River from that point to the 100th degree west longitude.

The bill takes the point where a line drawn due north from the intersection of the 32d degree of latitude with the west bank of the Sabine strikes the Red River as the initial point of the proposed survey, because there is no question that, nor is there any question as to what is the true Red River from that point to the confluence. Hence, practically, the only actual survey needed to be made is of the North Fork of Red River, and Prairie Dog Town Fork of said river.

The third section of the bill makes provision for the United States to pay for the commissioners on their part and Texas to pay for those on her part.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Krupp's New Guns.

Novel artillery experiments of an apparently highly important character took place a few days ago at Messrs. Krupp's great shooting ground near Meppen. Trials were made with both new cannons and projectiles. A new shell, called a "torpedoshell," was fired from a 21 centimetre gun. This shell is stated to afford a practical solution to a problem which has long engaged the attention of artillerymen, namely, to construct missiles which, after piercing the object aimed at, shall explode with torpedo-like effect. Of the new guns experimented with the most important was the pivot cannon, specially destined for the equipment of gunboats. The pivot, upon the top of which the cannon is fixed, is prolonged right down into the hole of the vessel, where it is turned, and so moves with it the cannon above in any direction. This contrivance, it is asserted, quite obviates any rebound, even after the firing of a heavy charge. It also contributes greatly to insure the success of aim, and at the same time gives increased velocity to the projectiles. This pivot system may, it is stated, even when the guns are of a large bore—such as thirty, thirty-five and forty centimetres—be employed for the equipment of small gunboats. It is estimated that the cost and equipment of each of these pivot gunboats would not be more than a tenth of a large frigate, and it is insisted that they would be far more effective instruments of destruction, on account of their swiftness and the facility with which they are managed.—*Berlin Cor. London Standard.*

Amole—A Plant That Yields Soap.

These cacti grow on the American Continent from mount Shasta on the north to a similar latitude in South America, and from Pacific coast to the east of the Rio Grande, through New Mexico and Western Texas.

The flower stalks are destitute of leaves, but are plentifully supplied with branches about eighteen inches long, from which flowers of white and yellow colors are suspended in the flowering season. The bulbous root is from one to six inches in diameter and from six to eighteen inches long.

A saponaceous juice is expressed from the root, and the fiber of the leaves is hauled for the manufacture of mattresses, cushions and chair seats. The vegetable soap extracted from the root has been used by the Indians, Mexicans and others for many years as a hair wash, and exceeds in purity our manufacture from animal substances.

Cattle eat the leaves in the spring as a purgative. And cut into bits and thrown on water where fish abound the effect is stupefaction of the fish, when they can be easily taken.

The price among the Indians and Mexicans, who sell it in Tucson, is five cents for a bunch of two stalks interlaced (mancerna).

For cleaning flannels the amole is found vastly superior.—*Tucson Citizen.*

A YOUNG farmer near Springfield, Mass., was working in a field near the highway the other day, when a man and woman came along in a carriage, and the man asked the farmer if he would marry the woman if he would give him \$500. "Barkis was willin'," and the three went to the nearest justice; the knot was tied, the money paid, and the man and woman drove away, and have not been heard of since. All the young men in that part of the State are now said to be confining their farm operations to fields bordering the highways in expectation of a similar harvest of greenbacks. If the thing is worked in the way Western tricks on farmers are played, some Yankee farmer will find himself safely yoked to a strange woman, and the man in the case driving away alone and without leaving the greenbacks. Better take the money in advance, young man.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Jane," he said, "I think if you lifted your feet from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they had not been married long.

A LOUISVILLE bill collector, as he says, called upon a creditor 324 times before he got his money. Perseverance will saw a tree down with a hair pin.

An old couple were walking down the street the other day reading signs, when they ran across one which the old man read thus: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady, "I wonder how he tore it?"

BEWARE of little things. A black seed, no larger than a pin-point, will grow an onion that may taint the breath enough to break up a betrothal, ruin a Sunday-school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing-circle.

NEVER go into a newspaper office to shoot the editor. If you do you had better take your coffin along. Many editors have skeletons in their closets, and it is no uncommon thing for "ghosts" to be found about the haunts of printers.

He was sitting on the club-house steps, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was a gentleman with one eye named Walker in the club. "I don't know," was the answer, "what's the name of the other eye?"

THE laziest man is on a western paper. He spells photograph "4tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee "10aC," and the other wrote Wyandotte "YX."

"SEE here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so we shall know just where everything is kept." With all my heart," she sweetly answered; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

THE Medical Student's Primer.—What place is this? This is the Pathological Society. How does one know it is Pathological Society? You know it by the specimens and the smells.

What is that on a plate? It is a tumor. It is a very large tumor. It weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. The patient weighed eighty-eight pounds. Was the tumor removed from the patient? No, the patient was removed from the tumor. Did they save the patient? No, but they save the tumor.

WHAT is this in the bottle? It is a tapeworm. It is a long tapeworm; it is three-quarters of a mile long. Is that much for a tapeworm? It is, indeed, much for a tapeworm, but not much for the Pathological Society.

Leaving a Man in the Lurch.

It was on a street car. A man with a very hoarse voice looked across the aisle at a man with a country satchel between his feet, and said:

"Wintry day, isn't it?" "Hey?" called the other as he put his hand to his ear.

"Seems like winter, doesn't it?" shouted the man with the hoarse voice. "Hey? hey?" asked the deaf man.

"He says," began a man who was standing up, "he says it seems like winter."

At this moment the hoarse-voiced man rose up and slid out of the car. As he did so the deaf man rose up, laid two parcels on the seat, and called out:

"Speak louder—I'm deaf!"

"He says it seems like winter!" bawled the man standing up.

"Who says so?"

He turned around to the hoarse-voiced man, but that person had skipped.

"Who says so?" demanded the deaf man.

"I—I—why, I say so."

"Well, what of it? Haven't I sense enough to know that this is winter weather? Don't try any of your guys on me or I'll knock the top of your head off."

Then the deaf man sat down and the "middleman" sneaked out and dropped off the car and said he would spend the rest of his life in looking for the hoarse-voiced man.

After Twenty Years.

A man in Missouri the other day was trying to raise \$50. He exhausted his resources in vain and was about giving up in despair. A sudden thought struck him. Arising he girt his loins about him and hid him to Little Rock. Leaving the train he made his way to the State House, inserted his fingers into a crevice in the foundation and drew out a \$100 bill which he had secreted while a prisoner at Little Rock during the war, nearly twenty years before, but whose existence he had quite forgotten, even during previous occasions when much in need of money. "As I took the bill from its hiding place," says the old man—or the reporter—"a flood of recollections poured over me. For a moment I could see the hungry faces around me, I could see ragged forms, and I could hear the half plaintive, half regretful voices around me. I felt for a moment as I must have felt when I placed the money in its hiding place; and, upon my word, although I had eaten a hearty dinner, I felt for a time as though I could eat a roasted mule."